



SUPERMAN

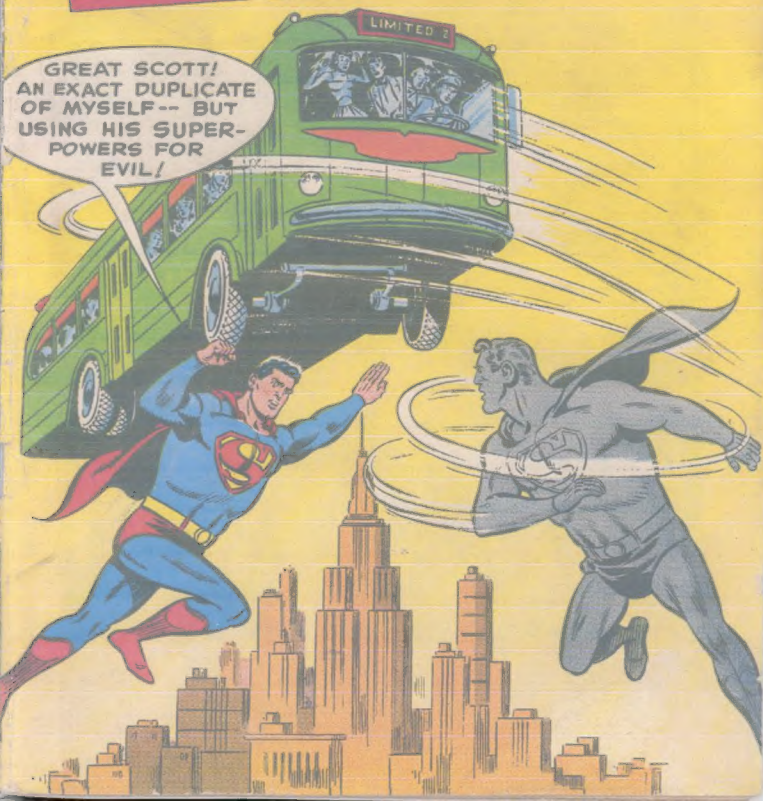
DEC.
NO. 199
10c



ACTION COMICS

Featuring
**THE
PHANTOM
SUPERMAN!**

GREAT SCOTT!
AN EXACT DUPLICATE
OF MYSELF-- BUT
USING HIS SUPER-
POWERS FOR
EVIL!





IPERMAN

DEC.
NO. 199
10c



Featuring
**THE
PHANTOM
SUPERMAN!**

ACTION COMICS

GREAT SCOTT!
AN EXACT DUPLICATE
OF MYSELF-- BUT
USING HIS SUPER-
POWERS FOR
EVIL!



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SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ACROSS THE SKIES STREAKS A STARTLING FIGURE IN GRAY-- ROBBERING, PILLAGING, DESTROYING, AND SPREADING PANIC! WHO--OR WHAT--IS THIS MYSTERIOUS MARAUDER WITH ALL THE POWERS OF SUPERMAN HIMSELF? THAT'S THE QUESTION PLAGUING ALL METROPOLIS AS THE MAN OF STEEL MATCHES WITS AND PREPARES TO LOCK IN MORTAL COMBAT WITH...

"THE PHANTOM SUPERMAN!"



THAT PHANTOM IS LIKE ME IN EVERY RESPECT! HOW CAN I POSSIBLY STOP HIM?

IT'S NO USE! OUR BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIM!

AS A STORM RAGES OUTSIDE A CERTAIN HEAVILY GUARDED LABORATORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...



BUT AT THAT INSTANT, A FLASHING FIGURE SWOOPS DOWN THROUGH THE PELTING STORM...

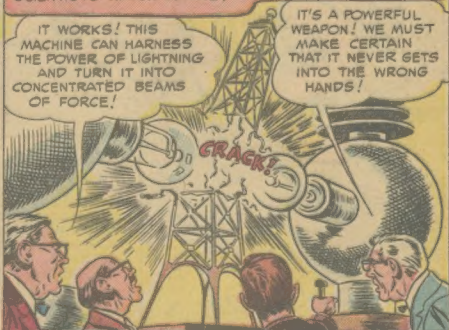


SUPERMAN!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING... WAIT!
YOU CAN'T GO
IN THERE!

...A MAN-MADE STORM REACHES ITS CRESCENDO INSIDE THE BUILDING, AS THE GOVERNMENT'S TOPMOST SCIENTISTS WATCH IN AWE!

IT WORKS! THIS MACHINE CAN HARNESS THE POWER OF LIGHTNING AND TURN IT INTO CONCENTRATED BEAMS OF FORCE!

IT'S A POWERFUL WEAPON! WE MUST MAKE CERTAIN THAT IT NEVER GETS INTO THE WRONG HANDS!



CRACK!

HEY! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?



CRASH!

A MOMENT LATER, INSIDE...

THIS IS WHAT I CAME FOR!



SUPERMAN!
YOU CAN'T...

**STOP HIM!
STOP HIM AT
ANY COST!**

BUT AS ALERT GUARDS RESPOND TO THE ALARM...

BAH! IT'S A WASTE OF AMMUNITION! THE BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF HIS INVULNERABLE BODY!

INCREDIBLE! WHY WOULD SUPERMAN DO A THING LIKE THIS, WITHOUT AN EXPLANATION?



WHY, INDEED? AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING--FOR THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT AN AFRICAN DIAMOND MINE...

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED DIAMONDS--IN THE ROUGH!



HUH??
SUPERMAN--
A THIEF?

HE'S EVEN TRIED TO DISGUISE HIMSELF IN A COSTUME THAT'S A DIFFERENT COLOR?

AND AT THE SITE OF A GIANT NEW DAM, THAT VERY SAME AFTERNOON...

THIS NOTE ... IT SAYS WE MUST DELIVER \$100,000--OR **SUPERMAN** WILL DESTROY THIS WHOLE PROJECT WORTH TEN TIMES THAT AMOUNT!

FORGET IT! PROBABLY THE STUNT OF SOME CRACKPOT!



SUDDENLY...

STILL THINK I'M A CRACKPOT?

SUPERMAN! HE USED HIS X-RAY VISION TO SET FIRE TO THIS NOTE!



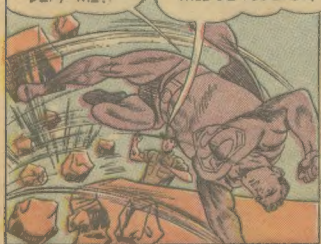
SOMETHING'S QUEER! THAT GRAY COSTUME-- IT ISN'T THE ONE **SUPERMAN** WEARS!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU--YOU BULLY!



WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, EH? I'LL TEACH YOU TO DEFY ME!

GOOD GLORY! HE'S WRECKED THE DAM! THE WHOLE VALLEY WILL BE FLOODED!



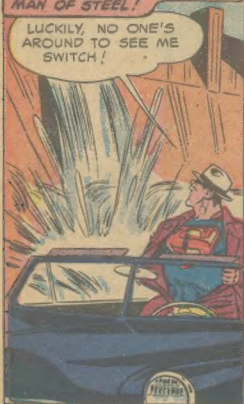
BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT, AS REPORTER CLARK KENT APPROACHES THE SCENE...

THE **DAILY PLANET** WANTS A STORY ON THE NEW, MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR DAM THEY JUST COMPLETED HERE, AND... **EYOW! LOOK AT THAT!** THE DAM MUST'VE BROKEN!



AS SWIRLING TONS OF WATER RAGE TOWARDS HIM, THE MILD-MANNERED NEWSMAN SWIFTLY SHEDS HIS OUTER GARMENTS TO BECOME--**SUPERMAN, THE MAN OF STEEL!**

LUCKILY, NO ONE'S AROUND TO SEE ME SWITCH!



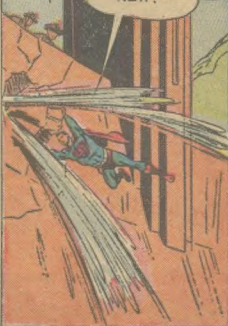
UNLESS THE DAMAGE IS REPAIRED AT ONCE, THIS CAN DEVELOP INTO A MAJOR CALAMITY!



SECONDS LATER...

SUPERMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?

FITTING THESE BROKEN SECTIONS BACK INTO PLACE! BY APPLYING **SUPER-PRESSURE**, I CAN MAKE THEM AS GOOD AS NEW!



BUT WHY DID YOU WRECK THE DAM IN THE FIRST PLACE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN--AND I CAN'T STAY TO TALK! THERE'S MORE WORK TO BE DONE!



OUTRACING THE THREATENING FLOOD, **SUPERMAN** QUICKLY DIGS A CURVING CHANNEL IN ITS PATH...

MUST LEAD THE WATER AWAY FROM THE FARMLANDS, OR THERE'LL STILL BE A DISASTER!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

THERE! ALL THE FLOOD WATERS ARE POURING BACK INTO THE RIVER AGAIN... AND THIS TIME, THE DAM WILL HOLD THEM IN CHECK!



THEN, UPON RETURNING TO THE MASSIVE STRUCTURE...

IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A PRACTICAL JOKE, **SUPERMAN**?

FIRST YOU WRECK THE DAM, THEN YOU REPAIR IT AGAIN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF IT ALL? AND WHY DID YOU SEND US THAT CRACKPOT NOTE?

WHAT--?



AND AFTER HEARING THE WHOLE STORY...

BUT THAT WASN'T ME AT ALL... IT WAS SOME IMPOSTOR! I NEVER WROTE ANY NOTE--OR SHOWED UP TO WRECK THE DAM!

HMM... COME TO THINK OF IT, THIS FELLOW WASN'T WEARING A COSTUME LIKE YOURS AT ALL, **SUPERMAN**! HE WAS ALL GRAY, LIKE A GHOST, OR--OR A PHANTOM!



A PHANTOM **SUPERMAN**-- POSSESSING THE SAME POWERS THAT I DO! INCREDIBLE! YET THESE MEN SAW HIM--AND I SAW EVIDENCE OF THE DESTRUCTION HE CAUSED!



IT TIES IN WITH OTHER RECENT RUMORS, TOO-- IN WHICH I WAS REPORTED TO HAVE ROBBED A GOVERNMENT WEAPON, AND A DIAMOND MINE IN AFRICA! THAT ALSO MUST'VE BEEN THE "PHANTOM" AT WORK!

A PHANTOM **SUPERMAN**! WHO IS HE? AND HOW CAN HE HAVE POWERS EQUAL TO THE FABULOUS MAN OF TOMORROW? TO LEARN THE ANSWER, WE MUST TURN BACK THE CLOCK A FEW DAYS--

--AND VISIT METROPOLIS JAIL, WHERE **SUPERMAN** BUSIES HIMSELF WITH A NEW PROJECT...

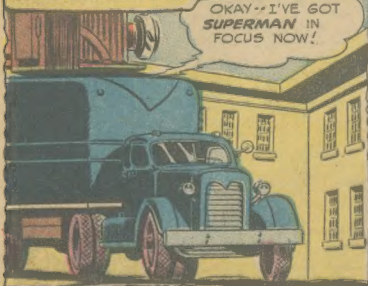
WELL, MAYOR, **SUPERMAN** SURE STOPPED THAT CRIME WAVE! TROUBLE IS, HE CAUGHT SO MANY CRIMINALS THAT WE HAD TO ADD A NEW WING TO THE JAIL!

DOESN'T MATTER, THOUGH, BECAUSE **SUPERMAN** IS BUILDING IT HIMSELF--TO SAVE THE TAXPAYER MONEY!



NEARBY, HOWEVER-- HARDLY NOTICEABLE -- STANDS A LARGE TRUCK WITH A QUEER-LOOKING APPARATUS...

OKAY--I'VE GOT **SUPERMAN** IN FOCUS NOW!



AND INSIDE THE TRUCK IS NONE OTHER THAN **LUTHOR**, BRILLIANT CRIMINAL SCIENTIST AND **SUPERMAN'S** ARCH-ENEMY --

PERFECT! IF MY THREE-DIMENSIONAL MATERIALIZER WORKS, **SUPERMAN** IS IN FOR A REAL SURPRISE! HA-HA-HA!



LATER, IN LUTHOR'S LABORATORY...

THE PRELIMINARY NEGATIVE CAME OUT FINE! IT SEEMS ALMOST LIFE-LIKE ALREADY!



AFTER PLACING THE LIFE-SIZE NEGATIVE INTO AN ATOMIC TRANSFORMER...

MY **3-D MATERIALIZER** DOES MORE THAN PHOTOGRAPH THE LIKENESS OF A PERSON OR OBJECT! IT ACTUALLY CREATES **DUPLICATE ATOMS** ON A SPECIALLY SENSITIZED SHEET! NOW I'M PUTTING THOSE ATOMS THROUGH MY TRANSFORMER!



THE LABORATORY ROOM FILLS WITH A STRANGE WHIRRING AND BUZZING, AS THE ATOMIC TRANSFORMER BEGINS ITS FANTASTIC WORK...

THE ATOMS ARE GLOWING WITH A NEW LIFE -- AND EACH AND EVERY ATOM IS AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF **SUPERMAN**! MY INVENTION IS A SUCCESS!



FINALLY, UPON PRESSING A LEVER...

I'VE DONE IT! I'VE CREATED A LIVING DUPLICATE OF-- **SUPERMAN**!



LUTHOR NEXT SUBMITS HIS **PHANTOM SUPERMAN** TO A GRUELING SERIES OF TESTS...

HE'S RUN SEVEN MILLION MILES IN THE PAST HOUR WITHOUT SIGNS OF TIRING! AND HE'S IMMUNE TO THE EFFECTS OF MY POWERFUL DISINTEGRATOR RAY!



IN THE NEXT ROOM I SEE A DESK, WITH PAPERS ON IT DESCRIBING A SCIENTIFIC FORMULA! I HEAR, AS WELL AS SEE, ONE OF THE PAPERS FALL TO THE FLOOR!

MAGNIFICENT! HE HAS **X-RAY VISION** AND **SUPER-HEARING**, TOO



EVEN YOUR COSTUME IS MADE OF THE SAME INDESTRUCTIBLE MATERIAL AS **SUPERMAN'S**! UNFORTUNATELY, SINCE DUPLICATE ATOMS CANNOT TRANSMIT COLORS, YOU HAVE TO WEAR A **GRAY** COSTUME! BUT THAT WON'T INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!



THIS IS BORN THE **PHANTOM SUPERMAN**, WHO NOW RETURNS TO LUTHOR'S LABORATORY, AFTER HIS LATEST EXPLOIT...

THEY DID NOT PAY THE MONEY, MASTER, SO I WRECKED THE DAM!

GOOD! NEXT TIME THEY'LL BE MORE WILLING TO PAY! NOW, GET BACK INTO THE MACHINE... YOUR ATOMIC CHARGE IS NEARLY SPENT!



THE **SYNTHETIC MAN OF STEEL** TAKES HIS PLACE IN THE ATOMIC TRANSFORMER--AND ONCE AGAIN, LUTHOR'S WEIRD INVENTION BUZZES AND GLOWS WITH POWER...



EACH CHARGE OF ATOMIC ENERGY ONLY LASTS A FEW HOURS! I HAVE TO KEEP RENEWING THE STRENGTH OF MY **PHANTOM SUPERMAN**! BUT NO MATTER... SOON HE AND I WILL SMASH ALL OPPOSITION! HE WILL HELP ME TO RULE--AS EMPEROR OF CRIME!

NEXT DAY, IN THE **DAILY PLANET** OFFICE...

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT THE **PHANTOM SUPERMAN**, CLARK! GOLLY--DO YOU THINK IT'S TRUE THAT HE HAS THE SAME SUPER-POWERS AS THE **REAL SUPERMAN**?

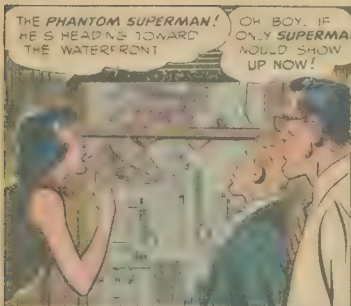
WELL, JIMMY, I...

LOOK!





ACTION COMICS



THE PHANTOM SUPERMAN!
HE'S HEADING TOWARD
THE WATERFRONT

OH BOY. IF
ONLY **SUPERMAN**
WOULD SHOW
UP NOW!



COME ON.. THIS STORY IS
TOO GOOD TO MISS! MAYBE
WE CAN GET A FIRST-HAND
LOOK AT THIS PHANTOM!

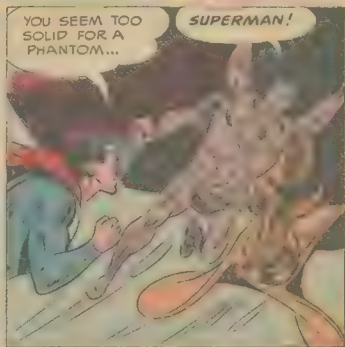
THAT'S JUST
WHAT I INTEND
TO DO!



MOMENTS LATER...

EEEEEEK!
HELP!

GREAT SCOTT!
THE PHANTOM
IS STEALING
THAT BIG, NEW
PASSENGER
LINER!



YOU SEEM TOO
SOLID FOR A
PHANTOM...

SUPERMAN!



...SO YOU MUST BE A
ROBOT! IN THAT CASE, I'LL
REDUCE YOU TO A PILE
OF JUNK!

UGH!



ACTION COMICS



BUT THE PHANTOM WITHSTANDS THE IMPACT OF THAT **SUPER-PUNCH**... AND WITH A TOSS OF HIS HAND, HE SENDS THE GIGANTIC LINER SOARING TOWARD THE STRATOSPHERE!

GOT TO SAVE THE PEOPLE ON THAT SHIP! THEY'LL ALL SUFFOCATE IN THE THIN AIR HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH!



AND WITH A MIGHTY LUNGE UPWARD...

CAUGHT IT! BUT WHAT A SUPERMAN-SIZE TOSS THAT WAS! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!



IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT THE RAPID ACCELERATION KNOCKED OUT EVERYBODY ON BOARD! WHEN THEY COME TO, THEY WON'T RECALL WHAT HAPPENED! IF THEY'D BEEN CONSCIOUS THROUGH IT ALL, A LOT OF THEM MIGHT HAVE DIED OF FRIGHT!

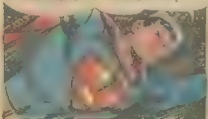


AND AFTER RETURNING THE GREAT LINER SAFELY TO ITS DOCK...

TOO BAD MY PHANTOM OPPONENT DIDN'T STICK AROUND TO FIGHT IT OUT! BUT I'VE LEARNED A COUPLE OF THINGS ABOUT HIM!



HE'S DEFINITELY NO REAL PHANTOM - AND YET HE'S NOT A ROBOT EITHER! BUT HIS **SUPER-POWERS** ARE REAL, WHICH MEANS I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT THE ANSWER IN A HURRY!



MEANWHILE, LUTHOR GATHERS CRIME CHIEFTAINS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD...

YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE EXPLOITS OF MY **PHANTOM SUPERMAN**! HE CAN DO ANYTHING THE ORIGINAL CAN DO! IT'S UP TO YOU... DO YOU WANT TO BE ON **HIS** SIDE -- OR AGAINST HIM?

WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION, LUTHOR?





ACTION COMICS



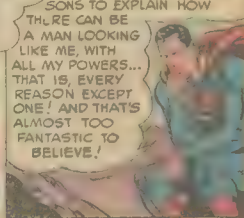
YOU WILL ALL ACKNOWLEDGE ME AS YOUR LEADER, AND WE'LL SHARE 50-50 IN YOUR PROFITS! IN RETURN, YOU CAN HAVE THE SERVICES OF THE PHANTOM SUPERMAN TO HELP YOU COMMIT CRIMES--OR TO RESCUE YOU FROM JAIL IN CASE YOU HAVE ANY... UH... DIFFICULTIES WITH THE POLICE!

IT'S A FOOL-PROOF PROPOSITION... WHAT DO YOU SAY, BOYS?

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME! JUST ONE THING WE ASK, LUTHOR...A LOT OF US HAVEN'T WATCHED YOUR PHANTOM IN OPERATION! WE'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT HE CAN DO BEFORE WE SIGN A CONTRACT!

IN THE MEANTIME, AS MIGHTY SUPERMAN PONDER'S THE PUZZLIN' PROBLEM OF THE PHANTOM...

LET ME SEE NOW...I'VE THOUGHT OF ALL THE REASONS TO EXPLAIN HOW THERE CAN BE A MAN LOOKING LIKE ME, WITH ALL MY POWERS... THAT IS, EVERY REASON EXCEPT ONE! AND THAT'S ALMOST TOO FANTASTIC TO BELIEVE!

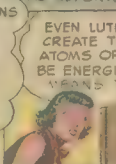
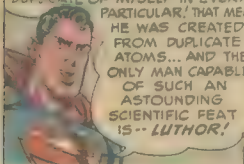


THE PHANTOM MUST BE A DUPLICATE OF MYSELF IN EVERY PARTICULAR! THAT MEANS HE WAS CREATED FROM DUPLICATE ATOMS... AND THE ONLY MAN CAPABLE OF SUCH AN ASTOUNDING SCIENTIFIC FEAT IS-- LUTHOR!

LATER, UPON RETURNING TO WORK AS REPORTER CLARK KENT...

EVEN LUTHOR'S GENIUS COULDN'T CREATE TRUE LIFE! SO THE ATOMS OF THE PHANTOM MUST BE ENERGIZED BY SOME OUTSIDE MEANS THAT...

G-CLARK! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



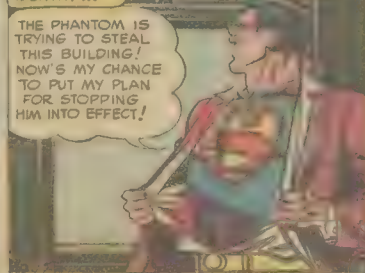
THE WHOLE DAILY PLANET BUILDING IS RISING--GOING UP INTO THE AIR!

IT MUST BE THE PHANTOM! L-LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, MARY!



BUT ONCE ALONE, THE "FRIGHTENED" CLARK UNDERGOES A SWIFT CHANGE OF IDENTITY...

THE PHANTOM IS TRYING TO STEAL THIS BUILDING! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO PUT MY PLAN FOR STOPPING HIM INTO EFFECT!



INSTANTS LATER...

LOOK! THERE'S **SUPERMAN!**

HE'S GONG TO SAVE US!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... HE'S FLYING AWAY FROM THE BUILDING!

WHILE IN LUTHOR'S HEADQUARTERS...

THE PHANTOM'S A WONDER! THE WAY HE'S MAKIN' OFF WITH THAT BUILDING, YOU'D THINK HE WAS **S-GULPE S-SUPERMAN!**

B-BUT... THERE'S **SUPERMAN** NOW -- THE **REAL ONE!** AND HE'S FLYIN' **THIS WAY!**

LUTHOR! ISN'T THERE SOME WAY TO STOP HIM?

SUPERMAN IS CLEVER ALL RIGHT! HE'S FIGURED OUT HOW THE PHANTOM OPERATES -- AND HE'S FOLLOWING THE ENERGIZING BEAM RIGHT TOWARD MY LABORATORY! ONLY ONE POWER CAN SAVE US NOW!

AND AS NEW SIGNALS FLASH OUT ACROSS THE CENTRAL BEAM TO THE PHANTOM...

JUST AS I FIGURED... THE PHANTOM'S COMING AFTER ME! WELL, I'LL BE READY FOR HIM...

...AS SOON AS I'VE LOWERED THE **PLANET BUILDING** SAFELY TO THE GROUND!

NEXT INSTANT, HIGH ABOVE METROPOLIS, TWO IDENTICAL TITANS MEET IN A STAGGERING TOURNAIMENT OF **SUPER-STRENGTH...**

CRASH!

CREATING POWERFUL LIGHTNING FROM THE UNBELIEVABLE ON OF THE COLLISION!



ACTION COMICS



DOWN INTO THE OCEAN THEY PLUNGE IN A CAREENING BATTLE-- A BATTLE WITHOUT MERCY WITHOUT QUARTER.



AND A GIGANTIC WHIRLPOOL RESULTS FROM THE RAPID TWISTING OF THEIR BODIES IN MORTAL STRUGGLE!

A TENSE HOUR PASSES, AS LUTHOR AND THE CRIME LEADERS WATCH FOR A SIGN ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN...

THEY'VE BEEN DOWN A LONG TIME, LUTHOR! MAYBE WE'D BETTER SWITCH OFF THAT CONTROL BEAM AND BEAT IT BEFORE... WAIT!

THE PHANTOM! HE'S BEATEN SUPERMAN!

LOOK!



SOON...

LEMME BE THE FIRST TO SIGN UP WITH YOU LUTHOR!

YOU'RE GETTING AN EVEN BETTER DEAL THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR! MY PHANTOM IS NOT ONLY THE EQUAL OF SUPERMAN-- HE'S EVEN BETTER! AH--HERE HE COMES NOW!

STEP INTO THE ATOMIC TRANSFORMER, MY BOY! YOU MUST BE TIRED-- A REVITALIZING W.L. DO YOU GOOD!

YOUR PHANTOM DID RUN OUT OF GAS-- BUT I COULDN'T FEEL BETTER, LUTHOR!



LET ME GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE OF HOW GOOD I FEEL!

OH, NO! IT'S THE REAL SUPERMAN! GROANNN... WHAT-- WHAT COULD'VE GONE WRONG?

SIMPLE, LUTHOR! I JUST HELD YOUR PHANTOM UNDER WATER UNTIL HIS ENERGY RAN OUT! THEN I DRESSED LIKE HIM SO YOU WOULDN'T GET ALARMED AND SWITCH OFF THE CONTROL BEAM UNTIL I FOUND YOU!

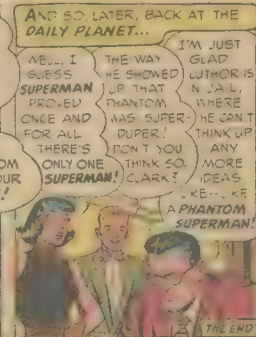
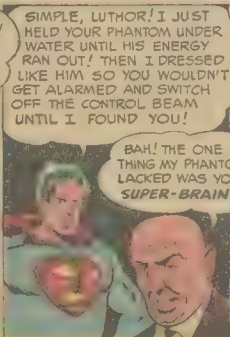
BAH! THE ONE THING MY PHANTOM LACKED WAS YOUR SUPER-BRAIN!

AND SO, LATER, BACK AT THE DAILY PLANET...

WELL, I GUESS SUPERMAN PROVED ONCE AND FOR ALL THERE'S ONLY ONE SUPERMAN!

THE WAY HE SHOWED UP THAT PHANTOM WAS SUPER-DUPER! DON'T YOU THINK SO, CLARK?

I'M JUST GLAD LUTHOR IS IN JAIL, WHERE HE CAN'T THINK UP ANY MORE IDEAS LIKE... KE... KE A PHANTOM SUPERMAN!



THE END

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T-O-O-T-S-I-E-
TOOTSIE ROLL TOOTSIE ROLL
RAH! RAH! RAH!

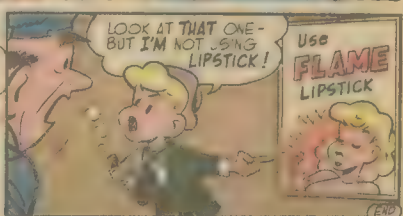
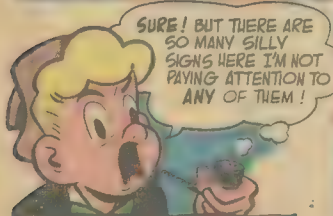


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SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mercury No. 1)

DBSFMFTT QPPQMF BSF LJ-
MMFE PS JOKVSE FWESJ
NJOVUF PG UIF EBZ-JU
DBO IBQOFO UP ZPV JG ZPV
EPO'U GPMMPX TBGFUZSV
MFT!

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

DECEMBER

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA.
I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to
receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

TOMMY TOMORROW

ARE YOU SURE MY ATOMIC MONEY IS SAFE HERE FROM BANDITS?

TELLER

LEADEN SHIELD

IT WOULD... ER... BE SAFE ANYWHERE, SIR! NO CROOK WOULD WANT TO BE CAUGHT DEAD (GULP) WITH THAT RADIO-ACTIVE CURRENCY!

A JOB COULD BE MORE ILLUSTRATED TO A PLANETEER, MASTER OF SPACE COMBAT, THAN THAT OF A BANK TELLER! BUT WHEN A FAMED SPACE BANK REPORTS ITS GOLD RESERVES DISAPPEARING WITHOUT A TRACE, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW SUBSTITUTES A TELLER'S CAGE FOR HIS SPACESHIP, TO "CASH IN" MONEY-HUNGRY CULPRITS AND SOLVE THE INCREDIBLE MYSTERY OF...

THE INTERPLANETARY BANK!

ONE MORNING, IN THE VAULT ROOM OF THE FIRST INTERPLANETARY BANK...

SIR! ANOTHER \$1,000,000 WORTH OF GOLD HAS DISAPPEARED SINCE LAST NIGHT!

WHAT-- AGAIN? THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! I'M CALLING THE PLANETEERS IN ON THIS CASE!

THUS, IN NEARBY PLANETEER HEAD-QUARTERS, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW GETS A STRANGE MESSAGE...

IT'S QUITE A MYSTERY, COLONEL TOMORROW. THAT'S WHY I'M PUTTING YOU ON IT! SOMEHOW OR OTHER, GOLD HAS BEEN VANISHING REGULARLY FROM THAT BANK'S VAULT, IN SPITE OF AIRTIGHT SECURITY MEASURES!

SOUNDS LIKE AN INSIDE JOB TO ME, SIR! I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT!



BUT IT'S A DIFFERENT TOMMY WHO ARRIVES FOR A SECRET MEETING WITH THE BANK PRESIDENT, SOME TIME LATER...

IT'S MY THEORY, MR. MASON, THAT ONE OF YOUR EMPLOYEES IS THE THIEF... AND THE BEST WAY TO TRACK HIM DOWN IS TO WORK IN THE BANK MYSELF! SO I WANT YOU TO "HIRE" ME AS A NEW TELLER, NAMED THOMAS MORROW!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, COLONEL TOMORROW! BUT FIRST, I MUST TRANSMIT SOME ORDERS...



SAFETY BELTS ON... READY FOR TAKE-OFF, EVERYBODY... FIRE ROCKETS!



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THESE STRANGE ORDERS, ISSUED FROM AN OFFICE IN A BANK?

NOT SO STRANGE AT ALL... FOR FIRST INTER-PLANETARY IS A MOBILE BANK, WHICH SEEKS OUT ITS FAR-FLUNG DEPOSITORS...

OFF TO MARS, ON OUR REGULAR ROUNDS OF ALL PLANETS AND WORLDS!



ABOARD IS THE NEW TELLER, "THOMAS MORROW" ALIAS COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW...

I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON ALL TELLERS, LIKE THAT MANY-FINGERED JOVIAN! HE'S PAID DOUBLE SALARY BECAUSE HE CAN HANDLE AN ADDING-MACHINE TWICE AS FAST AS ANYONE ELSE!



THERE ARE MANY UNIQUE EMPLOYEES IN THE ROVING SPACE BANK...

NEED PENCILS AND SUPPLIES, MORROW? TAKE WHAT YOU WANT FROM MY POUCH.

HMM... THAT URANIAN'S KANGAROO-LIKE POUCH WOULD MAKE AN IDEAL PLACE TO CONCEAL STOLEN GOLD! MAKES HIM A GOOD SUSPECT!



ALSO THAT TENTACLED NEPTUNIAN! HE COUNTS MONEY IN A SPEEDY BLURR, FASTER THAN THE HUMAN EYE CAN FOLLOW! DOES HE SLIP SOME ASIDE, WITHOUT DETECTION?





FIRST STOP--MARS, WHERE DEPOSITORS ARRIVE WITH THEIR OWN UNIQUE CURRENCY.

I'M DEPOSITING 1,000 FYRES, PLEASE!

THESE FLAME PEOPLE USE MONEY COMPOSED OF RED-HOT LAVA! REMINDS ME OF THAT OLD CRIMINAL EXPRESSION -- "HOT MONEY"!

ASBESTOS

NEXT, ON VENUS...

TELL

REAL "COLD" CASH HERE! COINS MADE OF A MERCURY AMALGAM WHICH MUST BE KEPT REFRIGERATED SO IT WON'T MELT AND RUN!

AND ON A SMALL INHABITED ASTEROID...

WE CRYSTALMEN ARE HARD AND SHINY, WHEREAS YOU EARTHMEN ARE LIKE SOFT JELLY! HA, HA... HOW QUEER YOU LOOK!

ER... YES, S R!

THE CUSTOMER'S ALWAYS RIGHT, THEY SAY!

TELL

OUCH! ALMOST FELT LIKE A... A STING FROM THIS MONEY! THE CRYSTALS SURE HAVE SHARP EDGES!

COOO

ON AND ON THE SPACE BANK SOARS TO EVERY WORLD IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM...

SPACE MINERS ARE WAITING HERE, TO DEPOSIT THEIR VALUABLE FINDS! BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE MONSTERS THAT INHABIT THIS ASTEROID!

NONE IN SIGHT ANYWHERE, SIR!

BUT AMAZINGLY, DANGER LURKS BELOW...

GREAT STARS! THIS "CRATER" WE LANDED IN IS REALLY THE MOUTH OF A GIGANTIC UNDERGROUND WORM! IT'S GOING TO GOBBLE US DOWN WHOLE!

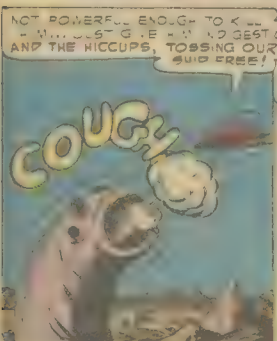


WHY DOESN'T THE PLOT
SIMPLY FIRE THE ROCKETS
AND ROAR FREE? OH--I SEE
HE WAS FLUNG AGAINST THE
CONTROLS--SMASHING THEM!
THEY'RE USELESS!



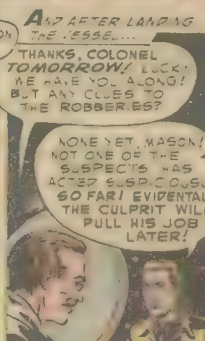
SWIFTLY, TOMMY MEETS THE GRACIOUSLY
EMERGENCY PERSON...

LUCKY I TOOK THIS ALONG IN
MY ROOM--A PLANETEER'S
ATOMIC GRENADE!
DROPPED DOWN THE
WORM-MONSTER'S
GULLET, IT SHOULD
MAKE HIM CHANGE
HIS MIND!



NOT POWERFUL ENOUGH TO KILL
--MAY JUST GIVE HIM NO REST ON
AND THE HICCUPS, TOSSING OUR
SUICIDE FREE!

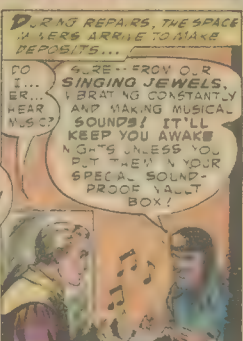
COUGH



AND AFTER LANDING
THE JESSE...

THANKS, COLONEL
TOMORROW! LUCKY
WE HAVE YOU ALONG!
BUT ANY CLUES TO
THE ROBBERIES?

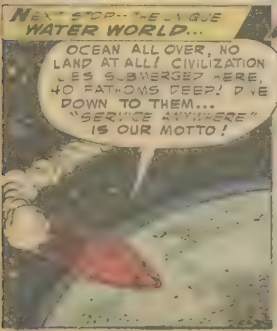
NONE YET, MASON!
NOT ONE OF THE
SUSPECTS HAS
ACTED SUSPICIOUSLY
SO FAR! EVIDENTALLY
THE CULPRIT WILL
PULL HIS JOB
LATER!



DURING REPAIRS, THE SPACE
WARRIORS ARRIVE TO MAKE
DEPOSITS...

DO
I...
ER...
HEAR
MUSIC?

SURE--FROM OUR
SINGING JEWELS,
VIBRATING CONSTANTLY
AND MAKING MUSICAL
SOUNDS! IT'LL
KEEP YOU AWAKE
NIGHTS UNLESS YOU
PUT THEM IN YOUR
SPECIAL SOUND-
PROOF VAULT
BOX!



NEXT STOP--THE UNIQUE
WATER WORLD...

OCEAN ALL OVER, NO
LAND AT ALL! CIVILIZATION
LES SUBMERGED HERE,
40 FATHOMS DEEP! DIVE
DOWN TO THEM...
"SERVICE ANYWHERE"
IS OUR MOTTO!



AND DEEP BENEATH THE SURFACE...

WE APPRECIATE THIS SPECIAL
UNDERWATER CHUTE YOU INSTALLED,
ALLOWING US TO DEPOSIT OUR
ASSETS, TOO! HERE'S MY
LIFE'S SAVINGS--A
WHOLE GALLON!

LIQUID ASSETS,
LITERALLY!
THE R VOLEY
IS A RARE
FISH MADE
FROM SEAT-
WEED!

BUT LATER, IN SPACE, DANGER STRIKES AGAIN...

LOOK OUT! A RARE "RAINBOW METEOR" OF SOLID ICE! TOO LATE TO ALTER OUR COURSE! WE'LL CRASH!

SWIFTLY, TOMMY SPRINGS INTO ACTION...

GOT TO USE MY CONCEALED RAY GUN! AN INFRA-HEAT CHARGE WILL GO THROUGH THIS WINDOW WITHOUT HARM...

...AND MELT THE ICE METEOR INSTANTANEOUSLY!

GUESS THE SHIP NEEDED A WASHING ANYWAY!

SPLASH

THE REST OF THE TRIP PROCEEDS SMOOTHLY-- BUT UPON RETURNING TO EARTH...

LOOK, COLONEL TOMORROW! THE MYSTERIOUS THIEF DID IT AGAIN! ANOTHER \$1,000,000 IN GOLD--GONE!

RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE, EVEN THOUGH I KEPT STRICT WATCH DURING BANKING HOURS!

AND AFTER A FUTILE SEARCH OF THE ENTIRE SHIP...

THAT GOLD JUST VANISHED INTO THIN AIR, UNLESS... WAIT! MY RING-- AND THAT PAINFUL JAB BEFORE... NOW I SEE!

LOCK THE VAULT, MASON! THE CULPRITS ARE STILL IN HERE!

IS THIS A JOKE, COLONEL TOMORROW? THERE'S NOBODY IN THIS VAULT BUT US TWO!

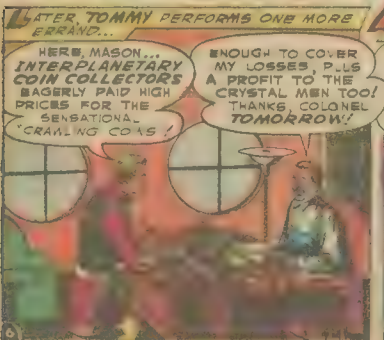
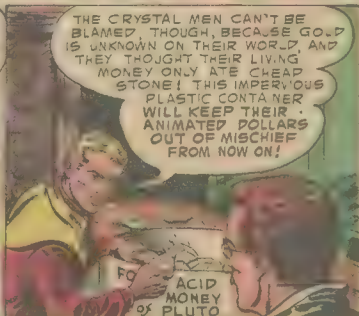
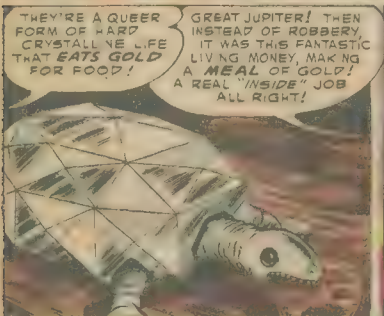
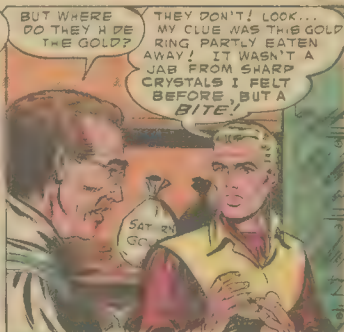
WRONG, MASON... MORE GOLD IS BEING LOOTED RIGHT NOW! TAKE A CLOSE LOOK!

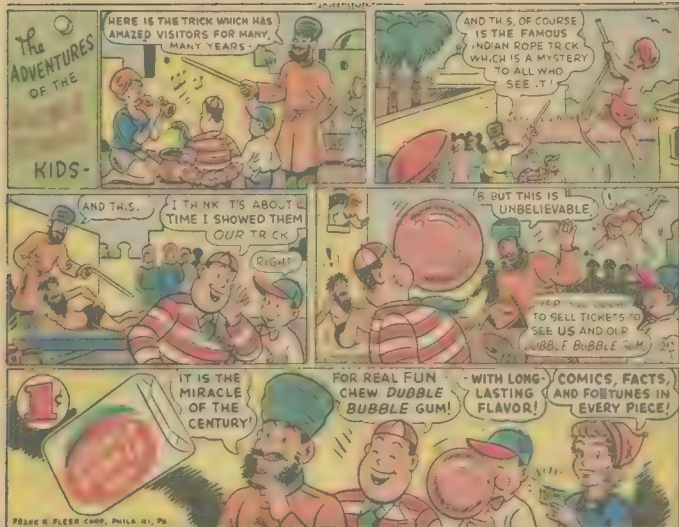
RETURN GOLD

SATURDAY DEPOSIT



ACTION COMICS





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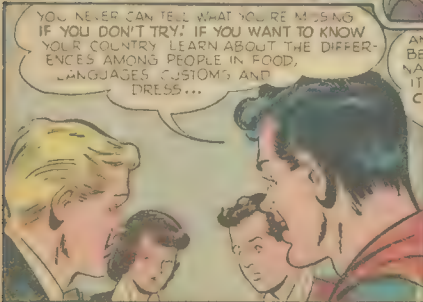
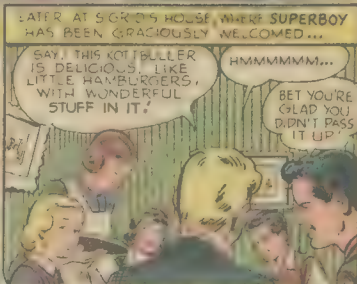
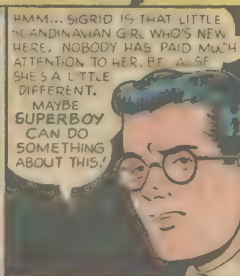
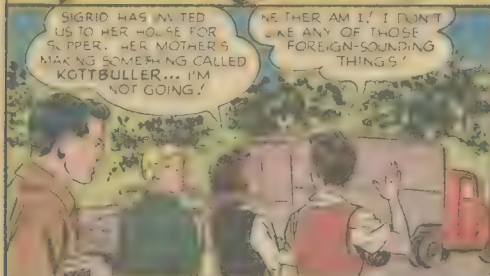
Director, Essex County Juvenile Clinic
Newark, N. J.

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
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ALL STAR WESTERN
BATMAN
BIG TOWN
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BUZZY
CONGO BILL
A DATE WITH JUDY
DEAN MARTIN
and JERRY LEWIS
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FLIPPITY & FLOP
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WAR STORIES
STRANGE ADVENTURES
SUPERBOY
SUPERMAN
THE FOX & THE CROW
THE RACCOON KIDS
TOMAHAWK
WESTERN COMICS
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS

SUPERBOY says: **"Know Your Country!"**



DEATH ON THE HIGHWAY



These Engineers Use Secret Weapons in Their Fight Against Traffic Accidents

If there were such a thing as a one-year stop watch, it could be set off at this very moment and, when it came to a halt, roughly 38,000 Americans would be dead from traffic accidents alone. Last year, 38,300 died in traffic mi-haps and the figure has been rising for the last several years.

There are a good many organizations trying to do something about this unfortunate situation. The President of the United States recently called for a conference of experts to determine what could be done. Hardly a month goes by without some magazines printing something about the problem. In short, a great number of responsible people in all walks of life have begun to give this tragic problem the attention it deserves.

One group of men who get to do a lot about it in their everyday work life are the safety engineers employed by Markel Service, Inc., of Richmond, Virginia, safety affiliate of the American Fidelity and Casualty Company, the nation's largest truck and bus insurers.

With nearly 70,000 large commercial vehicles accountable to them, these men keep safety tabs on the largest single segment of interstate, long-haul trucks and buses covered by any one organization.

The techniques they employ and the constant vigilance they maintain provide a lesson for every other organization or group interested in reducing the country's tragic

death and injury toll resulting day in and day out from traffic accidents. Basically, this is how the 150 traffic safety engineers work to make the thousands of vehicles they cover the safest on American highways.

To begin with, they go over the entire operation of a truck or bus fleet owner the minute he asks for coverage from their organization. They send experts to his terminal to determine what kind of equipment he has, what facilities he has for keeping them well maintained and serviced, what type of goods he carried, what routes his vehicles travel, and the schedules his dispatchers make the drivers keep. To top it all off, they have several men in each of the 48 states and in Canada go out on the road and check on the actual movement of the many vehicles.

A typical day in the life of an average "M Man" should provide many clues to those interested in traffic problems from a practical and serious point of view.

Adrian "Red" Harris, safety engineer for five years, operates in the busy, heavily trafficked, New York and Northern New Jersey area for the company. His first assignment of a morning might be to go out and check on the facilities of a large truck fleet that has a terminal in New Jersey and operates its fleet between New York and Chicago.

About 9 A.M., Red appears at the terminal and goes right to the garage section.

Here he looks over the type of work being done. He discusses current problems with the chief mechanic. He often gets down into the pit and watches a grease job or a brake check, talks to the mechanics, finds out if they are overloaded or rushed, makes his notes and moves on out into the yard of the terminal.

There he talks to some of the drivers. He will often take a look at the fifth wheel of a trailer-tractor unit about to depart with a full cargo to see whether or not this all-important coupling seems to be in top operating condition. He might get down under the trailer and look at the brake drums, run his hands over the air brake hoses and ask one of the drivers to turn on the ignition and work the brake pedal to see if all the rear lights are functioning properly.

After a look at the tires and any other observations he cares to make, Red makes his notes, waves goodbye and moves onto his next job, a typical random road check. On any given day he may find himself patrolling the busy, commercially teeming Boston Post Road or Route 1 to New England, on another day he might patrol the equally busy New Jersey Turnpike which leads from New York to Philadelphia and points south.

Red's big "secret weapon" is a 35 millimeter camera mounted in the windshield of his car and operated from a button on the steering wheel. This camera, an exclusive device of his organization takes either still or motion pictures of the vehicle ahead, shows road conditions, speed, time of day and even photographs on-coming traffic and road signs to the right of the road.

The camera can take up to 16 pictures a second, and since a certified and police-tested speedometer is automatically superimposed on each picture—showing clock, day and date—Red has uncontestable proof of everything he sees with his own eyes as he makes his road check.

What does Red watch for? Speed, the way the truck or bus is handled in traffic, whether or not the driver tries to make hazardous passes, hogs the road, doesn't stay

over to the right on a hill, operates the vehicle as he goes through a town or city and countless other items that only the well trained eye would know to look for.

If a driver is doing an especially bad job, Red can stop him and have the truck pulled over to the side of the road and have a new driver sent out. But, if like most veteran drivers, he either commits no violations or only minor ones, Red takes his pictures and moves on ahead to check another vehicle, as simply a method of checking.

At perhaps 4 P.M., Red will drive to a terminal where a safety meeting has been scheduled. There, all the drivers will have been gathered together with the terminal boss and even the owner or manager of the company. Red will chair the meeting, hand out safety awards to those men whose records merit it, take up infractions of his company's rules with those who are guilty of them, and, in any controversy, Red always has the pictures he took probably the week or even the day before to back up his criticism or his praise of a given man. These pictures are regarded as so fair and impartial that the driver's own union has come to accept them as "umpires of safety."

If there is something special that Red wants to drive home he will set up his projector and show movies to illustrate his point. If Red finds that the truck company dispatcher is rushing the boys at their work, he takes up the driver's side of the argument and thrashes it out right there with all concerned present.

Anywhere along the line, Red is exhorted by his superiors to make candid reports to anyone when he feels they are doing anything inimical to the cause of safety.

For several years running, the accident rate of Markel-assured vehicles has been lower than the national average for similar vehicles being operated under other safety systems or being operated under no safety system at all. During 1953, the national average for truck and bus accidents was nearly two for every 100,000 road miles travelled, as against less than one per 100,000 miles for Markel-assured vehicles.

CONGO BILL

with **JANU**
The **Jungle Boy**

IT ALL STARTED OUT AS A SAFARI-SCHOOL TO TEACH TENDERFEET THE FINE POINTS OF BIG-GAME HUNTING BY THE ACE ADVENTURER HIMSELF, CONGO BILL! BUT THE JUNGLE FIGHTER LEARNED A FEW LESSONS HIMSELF AS A MYSTERIOUS MENACE BEGAN DISRUPTING CLASSES IN HIS UNIQUE...

SCHOOL FOR HUNTERS!

OH-OH--I THINK I'LL HAVE TO STOP TEACHING YOU HOW TO AVOID BIG-GAME PERILS AND START SHOWING YOU!



DEEP IN THE HEART OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA...

HERE COMES CONGO BILL NOW! I CAN'T WAIT TO HAVE HIM TEACH US HOW TO SHOOT AND HUNT!

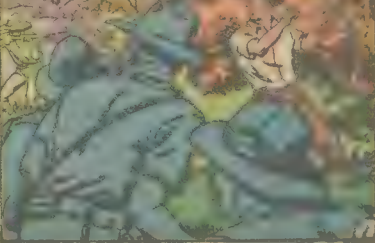
I'M NOT WAITING-- I'M TAKING A PRACTICE SHOT AT ONE OF THOSE BABOONS!

BUT JUST AS GASTON GREY TAKES A.I.M...

WHY--WHY, IT WAS CONGO BILL WHO SHOT THE RIFLE OUT OF YOUR HANDS!

HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

BANG!





IF I HADN'T, IT WOULD'VE BEEN THE **LAST SHOT** YOU EVER MADE!

WHY?

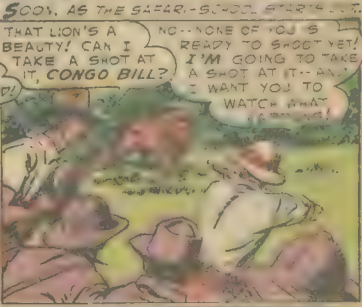
BECAUSE IF YOU'D KILLED ONE OF THOSE BABOONS, THE REST OF THEM WOULD HAVE COME SCREAMING OUT OF THE TREES TO ATTACK YOU!

WHEW! IT'S SURE LUCKY YOU CAME ALONG IN TIME TO STOP ME!



YES, AND IT'S LUCKY FOR US THAT GASTON, HERE, WAS ABLE TO TALK YOU INTO BEING OUR HUNTING TEACHER!

YES, BUT DON'T PAY ME! MAKE OUT YOUR CHECKS TO THE AFRICAN BOYS' CLUB! WELL, LET'S GET STARTED!



SOON, AS THE SAFARI-SCHOOL STARTS OUT, THAT LION'S A BEAUTY! CAN I TAKE A SHOT AT IT, CONGO BILL?

NO--NONE OF YOU'S READY TO SHOOT YET! I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOT AT IT--AND I WANT YOU TO WATCH WHAT I DO!



WHAT A SHOT! THAT LION'S A GONER! THE BULLET CREASED THE MIDDLE OF HIS HEAD!



BUT, TO THEIR SURPRISE... HEY-- THE LION'S ALIVE! IMPOSSIBLE-- I SAW THE BULLET GO THROUGH ITS HEAD!



SEE WHAT I MEANT! THE LION HAS PRACTICALLY NO FOREHEAD-- MOST OF ITS HEAD'S JUST PLAIN HAIR! TO KILL A LION, THE SHOT MUST BE VERY LOW ON THE HEAD! MY BULLET WENT THROUGH THE MIDDLE!

JANU, GET THAT SMALL BLACKBOARD OUT, PLEASE!



'ACTION COMICS'



AS THE PARTY MOVES ON TO BIG GAME TERRITORY...

SAY, THERE'S A HIPPO!

AND WE'RE IN FRONT OF A STREAM IT PROBABLY USES! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE GET KILLED!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, JANU?

YES, GASTON MEANS IT DANGEROUS TO STAND BETWEEN HIPPO AND WATER! HIPPO GET MAD WHEN IT THINK IT CUT OFF FROM WATER!

EXACTLY! GASTON, WHO ACTED LIKE A TENDER-FOOT WITH THOSE BABOONS, SEEMS PRETTY WISE WHEN IT COMES TO A HIPPO!



AND IF HE SN'T REALLY A TENDERFOOT, WHY'S HE MAKING BELIEVE?



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, CONGO BILL AND JANU REVEAL MANY SECRETS OF THE JUNGLE...

JANU WILL BE KILLED! THAT TREE WON'T PROTECT HIM FROM THAT ANGRY BULL ELEPHANT!

DO YOU SEE HOW JANU ESCAPED HARM? HE HOPPED ATOP A GENTLE FEMALE ELEPHANT-- NO BULL ELEPHANT WOULD EVER ATTACK A FEMALE!

GET THIS STRAIGHT! ONLY A SOFT-NOSED BULLET CAN KILL AN ELEPHANT! NEVER USE STEEL-JACKETED BULLETS EXCEPT FOR SMALLER BEASTS!



WELL, YOU'RE ALL ABOUT READY TO TRY A LITTLE HUNTING ON YOUR OWN! FOR SAFETY, YOU'LL SPLIT UP INTO TWO-MAN TEAMS!

HOW ABOUT ME TEAMING UP WITH TAYLOR? WE'RE FRIENDS!

GLAD TO, GASTON!

AS THE HUNTERS HOPEFULLY MOVE TO HUNT THE BRUSH...

THEY'RE FAR FROM BEING EXPERT HUNTERS, JANU! SO LET'S KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!

CONGO BILL!





ACTION COMICS



SHORTLY AFTER, AS GASTON AND TAYLOR PLUNGE AHEAD...

LOOK, TAYLOR--
BUFFALO TRACKS!
WHAT A LUCKY
BREAK!

WAIT A MINUTE,
GASTON! I DON'T
THINK WE'RE READY
TO TACKLE A BUFFALO!
LET'S CALL CONGO
BILL!

DON'T BE SILLY! THE
BUFFALO MIGHT GET
AWAY! HE'S HIDING
SOMEWHERE IN THIS
THICKET! YOU GO
AROUND THE
OTHER SIDE,
AND I'LL STAY
HERE!

B-BUT--OKAY,
GASTON, IF
YOU SAY SO!



A SUDDEN MOVEMENT IN THE BRUSH AS THE GREAT BEAST SCENTS STRANGERS, AND...

HE'S BEEN AROUSED,
TAYLOR! NO TELLING
WHICH SIDE HE'LL
COME OUT, BUT
STAY READY!

I-I'LL
TRY!

BUT, ON A HIGH BRANCH OF A NEARBY
TREE... MR. TAYLOR IN BIG DANGER!
THEY NOT KNOW IT, BUT BUFFALO
MUST COME OUT ON TAYLOR'S
SIDE, NOT GASTON'S
SIDE!

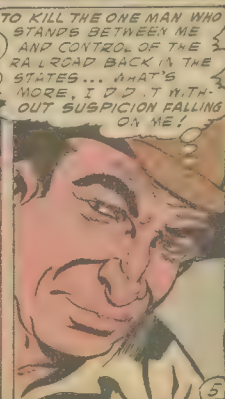
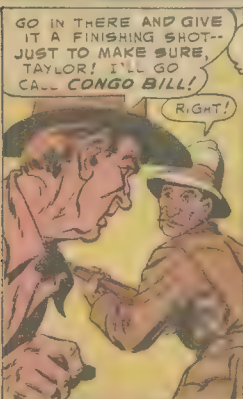
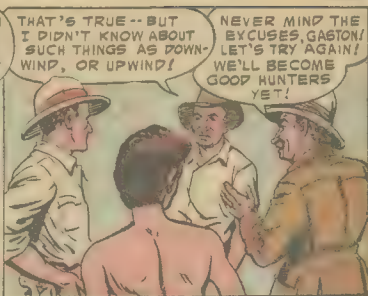
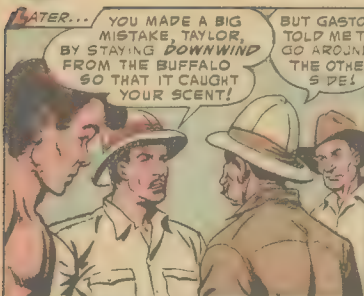


A SOUND LIKE THUNDER SHAKES THE GROUND, AND...

HE--HE'S
COMING AFTER
ME!

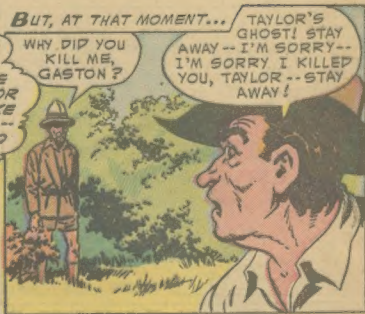
HOLD ON TIGHT,
MR. TAYLOR!







THAT'S THE END OF TAYLOR! NOW I'LL FIND CONGO BILL AND TELL HIM THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT! HE'LL BELIEVE ME BECAUSE BOTH TAYLOR AND I HAVE ACTED LIKE BUNGLERS-- THANKS TO ME!



BUT, AT THAT MOMENT... WHY DID YOU KILL ME, GASTON?

TAYLOR'S GHOST! STAY AWAY-- I'M SORRY-- I'M SORRY I KILLED YOU, TAYLOR-- STAY AWAY!



THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR, GASTON-- THAT IT WAS A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT AT MURDER!

TH-THEN, TAYLOR ISN'T REALLY DEAD? BUT, HE MUST BE-- I ONLY WOUNDED THAT RHINO!



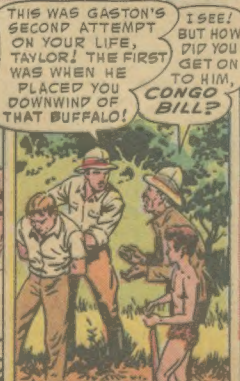
TRUE-- BUT I WAS HIDING UP IN THAT TREE-- AND WHEN YOU SHOT, I SHOT AT THE SAME TIME! MY BULLET KILLED THE RHINO!

BUT... BUT...



THAT RIGHT! AND I RUSH AROUND ON OTHER SIDE AND TELL MR. TAYLOR TO ACT LIKE GHOST TO SCARE YOU INTO CONFESSION!

I--I GUESS I WAS PRETTY CLOSE TO BECOMING ONE AT THAT!



THIS WAS GASTON'S SECOND ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE, TAYLOR! THE FIRST WAS WHEN HE PLACED YOU DOWNWIND OF THAT BUFFALO!

I SEE! BUT HOW DID YOU GET ON TO HIM, CONGO BILL?



BECAUSE HE WAS THE MOST EXPERT TENDER-FOOT I'VE EVER KNOWN! AFTER TRYING TO ACT LIKE A STRANGER IN THE JUNGLE, HE SHOWED PLENTY OF SAVVY NOT TO STAND BETWEEN A HIPPO AND ITS WATER!

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Choose one of the 9 pitching switches — plug in for just the right ball to baffle the batter. Your batter sets his directional switch for the field he'll bat to. You station your fielders for each batter. Your batter judges the tricks of every pitcher, matching swings accordingly. Switches are on—there's the pitch light—the crack of the bat. You see the distance the ball traveled—the type of play—whether the ball was caught or pegged to the proper base. You know exactly the movement and action of every play.

A
NEW
PLUG-IN
110 VOLT
MODEL



You can name every player — make up your own All Star team — or name players after the men on your favorite Big League team. Play a game — give every player the actual characteristics of his every day playing.

Your matching skill and wits when you set your playing switches. Electric impulses sent into the electric mechanism are sorted out and the play recorded in colored lights.

You plan and coach every play yourself. You can make nearly every play in the book come to life. Each close play requiring a decision is quickly settled by the Electric Umpire. The game operates from floor plug or light socket. Plug it in and play if you have ordinary house current. Order today.

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- 3 Electric Interchanging Distance Lights
- 2 Electric Umpire Lights
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- 1 Electric Ball Light
- 9 Electric Pitching Switches
- 4 Electric Directional Switches
- 1 Electric Fielder Fly Ball Switch
- 4 Electric Umpire Switches
- 1 Electric Wait Switch
- 1 Special Electric 110 volt Transformer, enclosed Six feet of Electric cord
- 11 Multicolored plastic Domes
- Peg scoring for Strikes, Balls and Outs
- 1 Individual Red Players
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☐ Electric Baseball - Transformer operated \$10.00
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See this brand new RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE at your nearest hardware, sports goods, or department store. Tell Dad you want one *now* or for Christmas!

If Daisy Dealer is out of stock or none near you, send us \$6.95 (or \$7.25 in Mountain or Pacific Time Zones) and we'll rush your new RED RYDER CARBINE to you postpaid.

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